

**"HANGING WITH HUNTER
AT THE MGM VEGAS"**

Emil

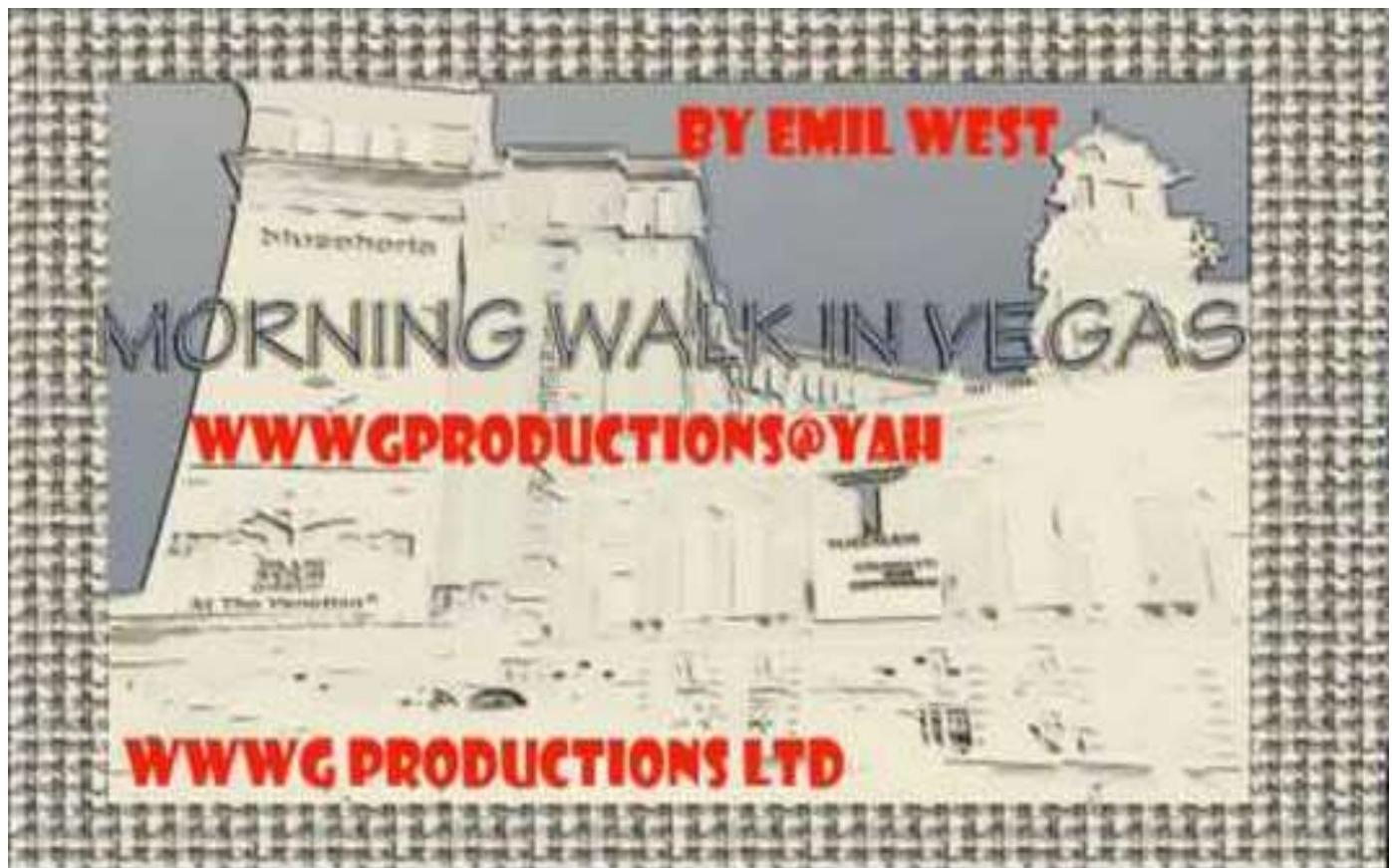


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"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

Early morning, crisp bite to the air, even at this hour; there are cars soaring down the strip...an occasional security guard acting all bad and saying to move on...as if I were some terrorist or something...man...the homeless don't haunt these digs...maybe that was it...those rent-a-cop jerks mistook my for homeless...Ya...with a very expensive Nikon...sure...dude...the homeless, the drugged, stone freaks are for sure; gone...but...hey; I hear them whispering, screaming and moaning out as I passed... A lot of stone-cold ghosts haunt these streets; bubba...so sure they are...I swear...wasn't that Hunter...that old fool would surely want to be a ghost here...just to piss off the straights...Man; I got to go! Too much confusion and noise here for a peaceful person like myself!!!

<http://youtu.be/pUzlrxY-zyE>



"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

Hunter! Ya not looking so good...Dude...

Where'd ya go?

That gal was here looking for ya! She was kind of cracked up about you not being here...She sayz we owe her money???



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And the bar tender sayz "You guys are too wasted for me to serve you..." He had a familiar look to his face...was he Samoan?



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Then Jonese, the pit boss, came over and told us to take a hike...
"Go get some air!"

The night was still young it was way too early to get hauled downtown for a long night in the drunk tank...although, we did offer to buy him a drink for his kindness...next thing, I remember...I was out on the sidewalk...sitting on my butt and man!

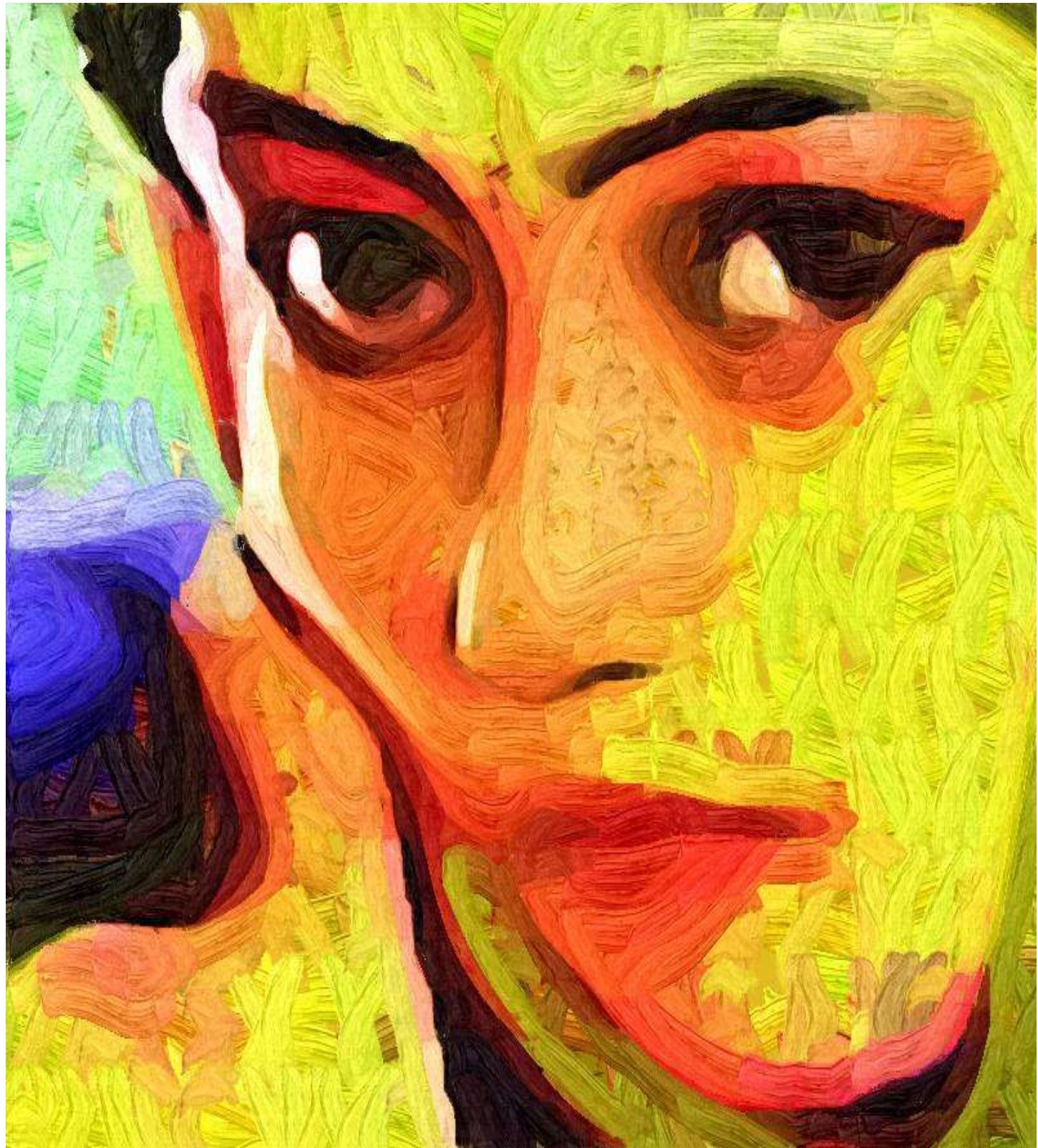
Did my head hurt...Hunter was already up and about as I saw him try to jack a taxi to get us over to the Paris...Hunter!!!! ...

Open your eyes...this is no time to show us that even the blind can drive. It ain't even your cab after all!



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She looked us in the eye and without the slightest stuttering sayz
"Grandpa...No I am not Bettie Davis and if you don't get out of my
space in the next three seconds...I have mace!!!!"

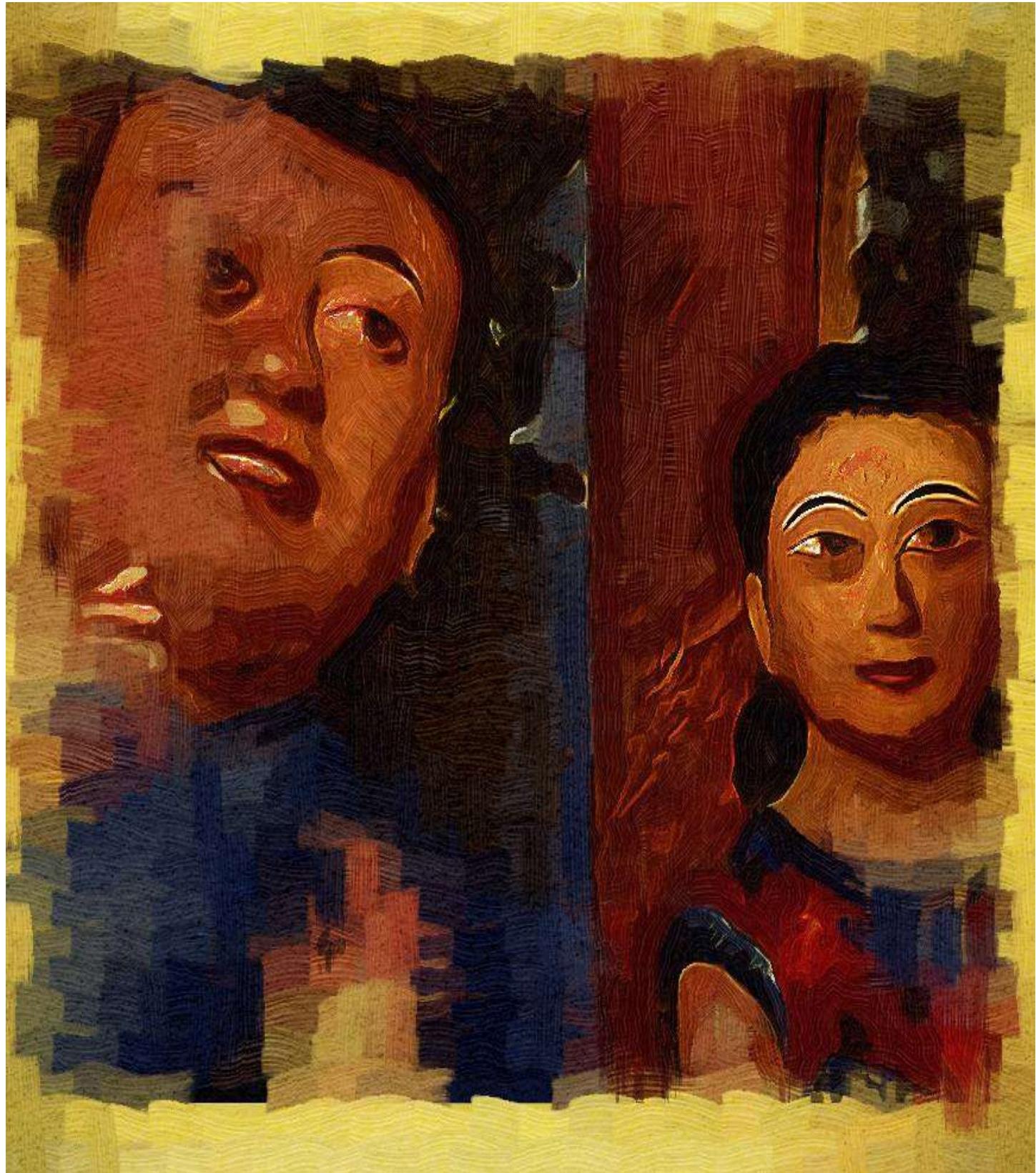


"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

Listen Buddy! You got the wrong room!

Don't make me call security!

There is no one here by the name of John Denver!



"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

Hunter called us to come over and hang with you guys...

This is a fancy place!

Haven't been here since the restraining order...

Wherez de party?



"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

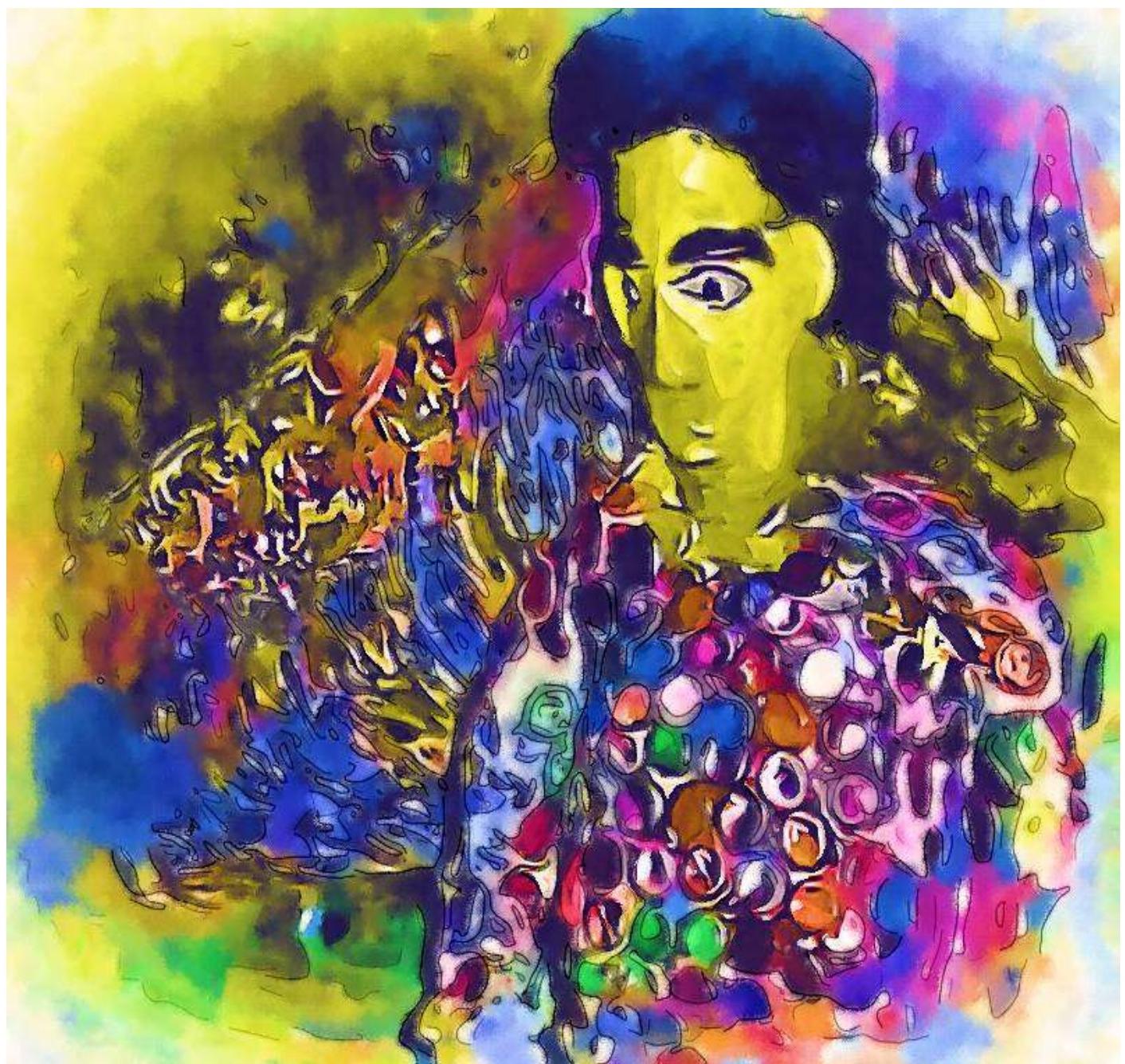
Thought I was tripping...

Elvis...like he was everywhere we went around town...man, I thought his ghost was dogging us but...turns out that Bubba said it was an Elvis Reality Show Audition over at the Palazzo...

Well, I'll be a hound dog!

Man...Hunter was right...mighty powerful MOJO here in the home of sin...Hunter? Hunter?

Where in the hell did the old man take off to now...???

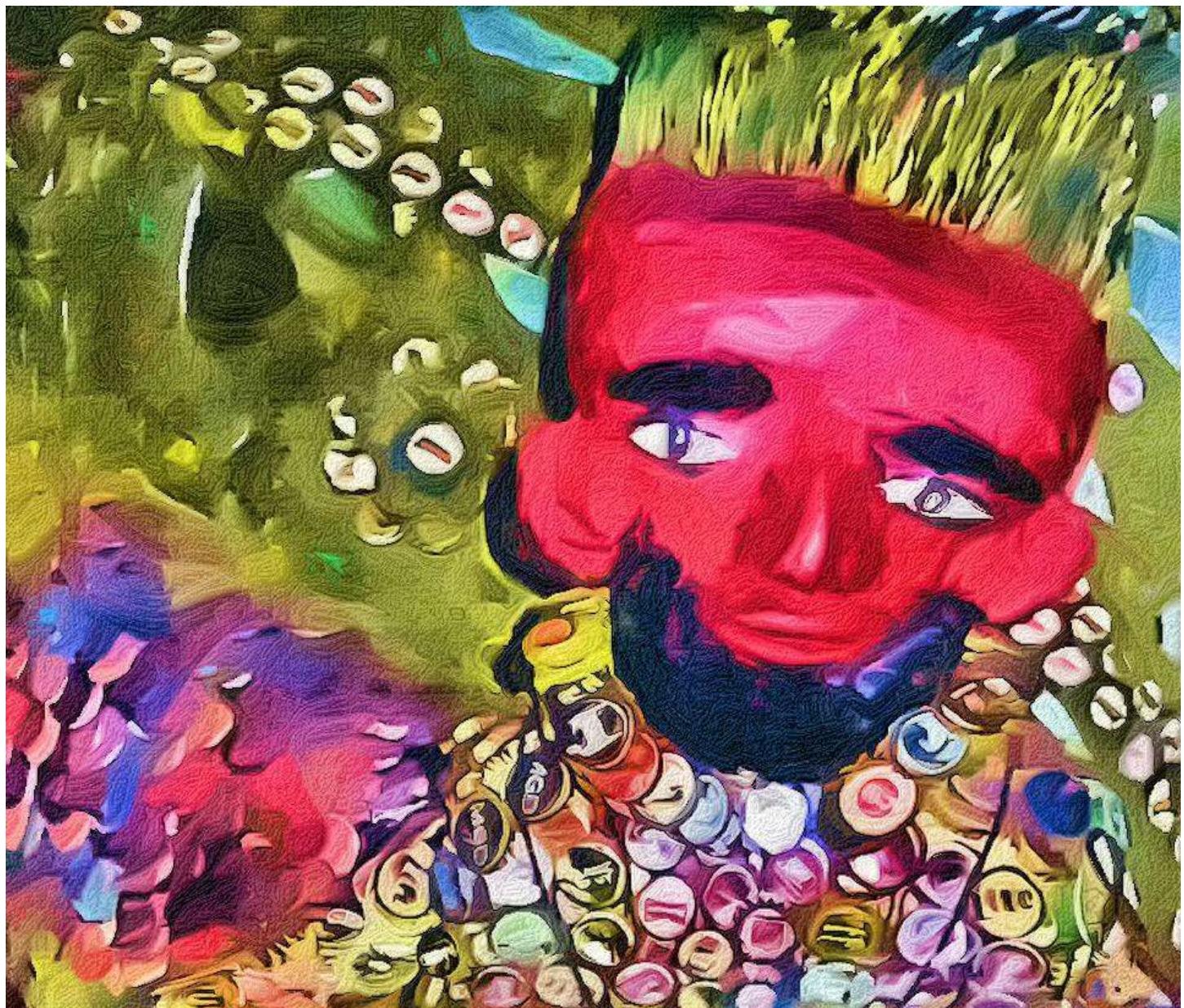


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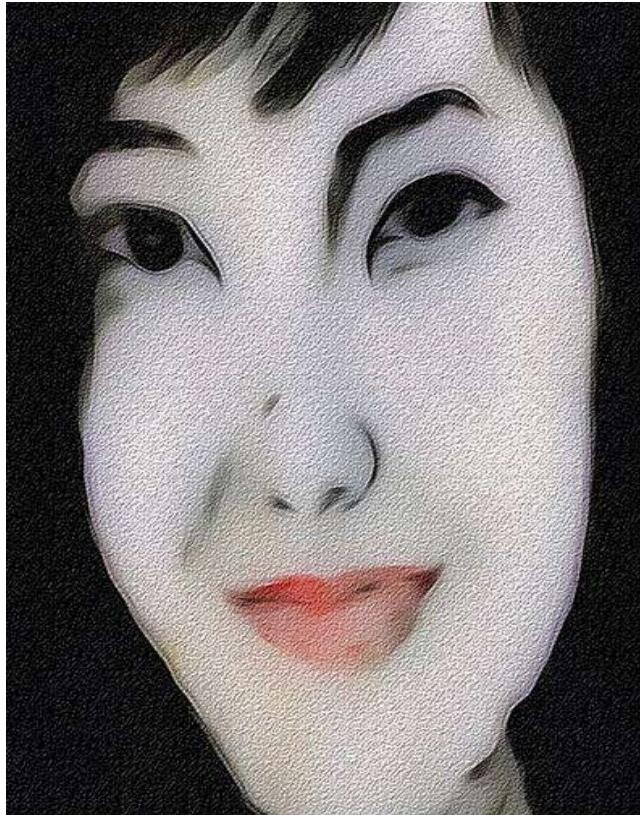
For a hip, happening dude...Bubba was a downer all night long... bad drugs? Bad hair day? Who knows but, Man! Was he a downer! Like someone had kicked his puppy sad...What a trip!

Hunter...swore that this was the wildest guy in Vegas and he seemed to me to be nothing more than another insurance salesman on a bad night...

After a while...I called him on his downward trip...I said "Dude you are scaring the hipsters because you are acting like a nark!!! Chill out and get with the program or we are dropping you out in the desert...I am talking Barstow desert...DUDE!"



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WoW!

Like are ya going over to Hunter's party at the MGM? Like...you know...I am like personal friends with Hunter...YA!

He and I go back real time...Aspen, you know?

Who you think got the old man thinking he could be sheriff?

Like that was me...

No shit! Fear and Loathing that was my stick...taught the old man everything he knew about being hip!

For Real!

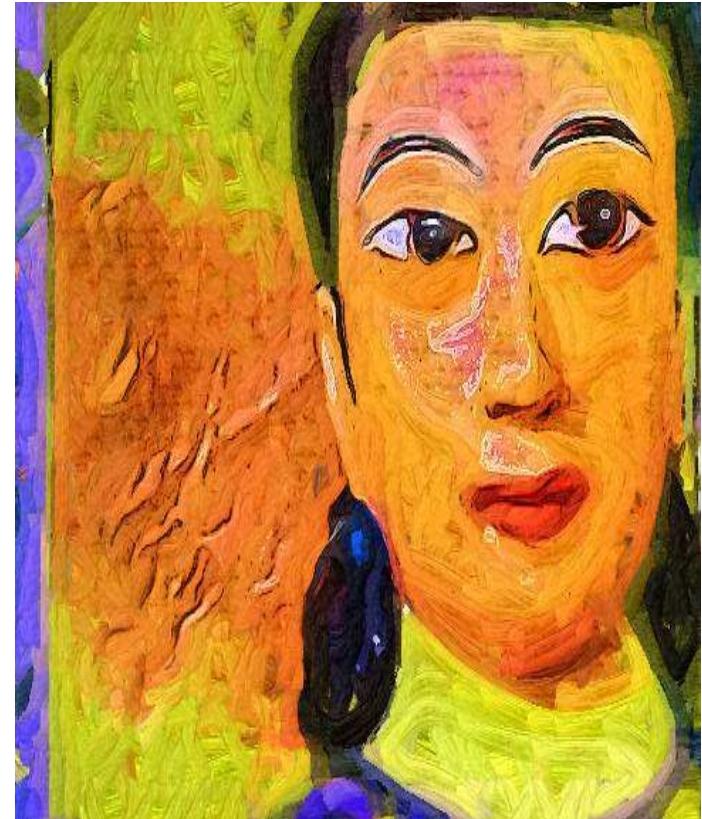
Are you from Vegas, come here often or like what brings you to town?

"Wayne Newton?!?

NO! Really???

Wayne Newton... like are you a fan or did you win a contest or something?

Stop by later and tell the downer dude at the door (Bubba) that Bobby ask you to come by...YA!



“HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS”

Ladies and gentlemen...The management is proud to announce
that Mister Haymore is back in the house...

“Live from the Palazzo...Chester and the Haymores...!!!!”



"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

There are a few times that you meet someone who so touches you that for years you are haunted by the memory of that unusually remembered smile or by that particular look that first drew your attention or when you catch someone else dropping that still familiar phrase fragmented from that original conversation....

As George Harrison once sang

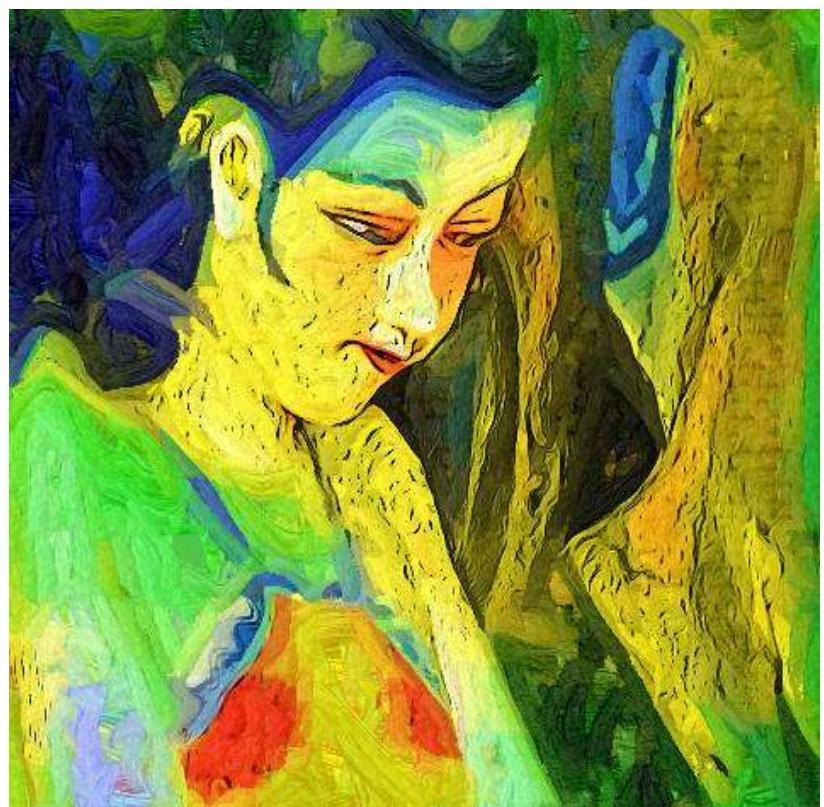
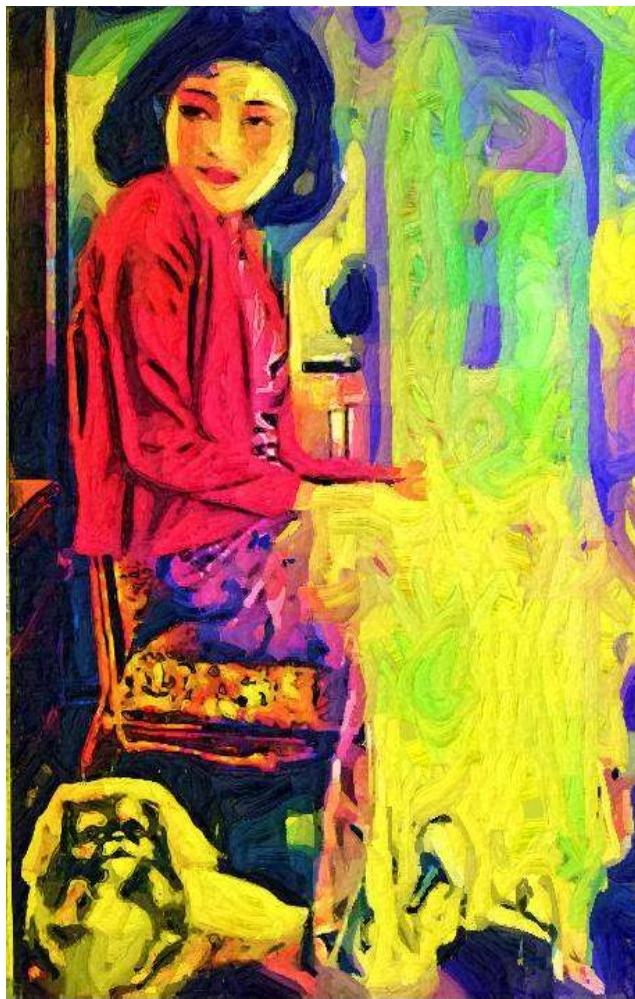
"I've just seen a face..."



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Scenes from Hunter's Party @ the MGM...

Then, there was a knock on the door...



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There was sadness as she sat lost in some distant thoughts that she elected not to share with the rabble at Hunter's Party and only later did I realize who she was and I was sad that I hadn't had the courage to interrupt her mediation...

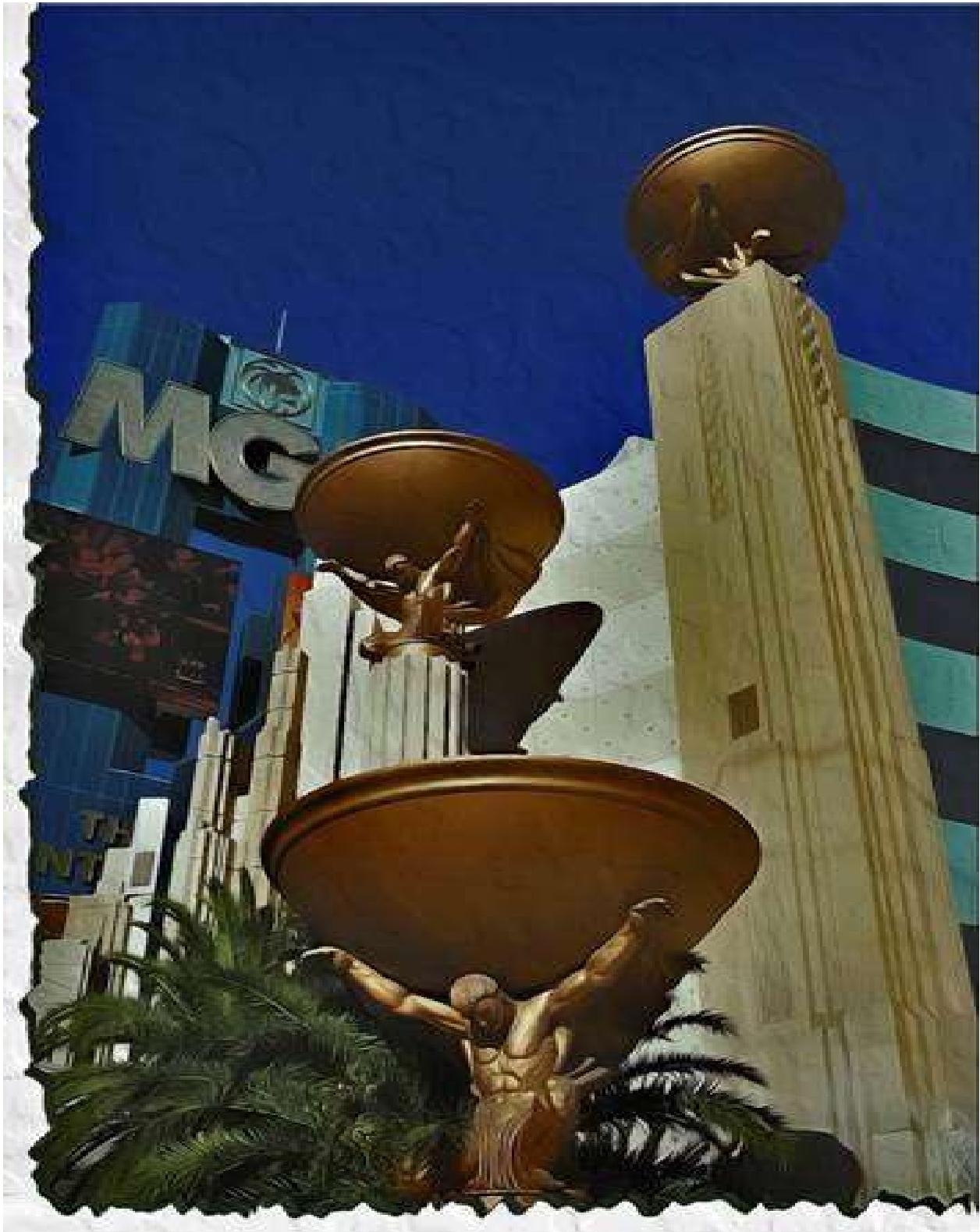
Bubba do you know who she was?

Blew me away!

It would have been a real trip to have shared a thought or two with her...



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The brightness of the morning was eating me alive; the industrial strength coffee wasn't making a dent in the killer pain in my head...what a night!



Awoke to find that Hunter and most of the partyers were long gone in the early hours of the morning when someone was talking about the greatest working man's breakfast in town...

Right off the strip.

Figured that I would catch up with the old man or else I am walking back to L.A.

As I left the shattered, ragged remains of the suite that Hunter had demanded upon our almost forgotten arrival in this wicked, city of sin...an adult themed park version of Disneyland...

That it is....

I jostled my mind in a desperate attempt to jumpstart my brain as I tried to remember whose credit card, we had used in getting the suite...

I was praying that it wasn't mine...

Waiting for the cab...

I figured the maids hadn't made their way up to the suite as they usually gave the high rollers (who rented suites) a moment of reprieve by letting them sleep a little bit more than the rest of the tourist cattle downstairs...

I had the plan...

I called the front desk and asked them to go wake Hunter as he had an appointment while making it clear that I had drove back to L.A. earlier last night before and thus could have never been a part of the destruction of the suite...

Man! Like I was feeling cool and smiled that I was beating the man and the cost of thousands of dollars in damages...

Well...I was until the front desk clerk came back to the phone and said that the old man had left a similar message to wake me at 10 AM as he was leaving the hotel...

Then, the clerk said that there was a problem with the room...

There seemed to be a few cracks in my brilliantly thought out game plan?

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I just saw a face...Vegas



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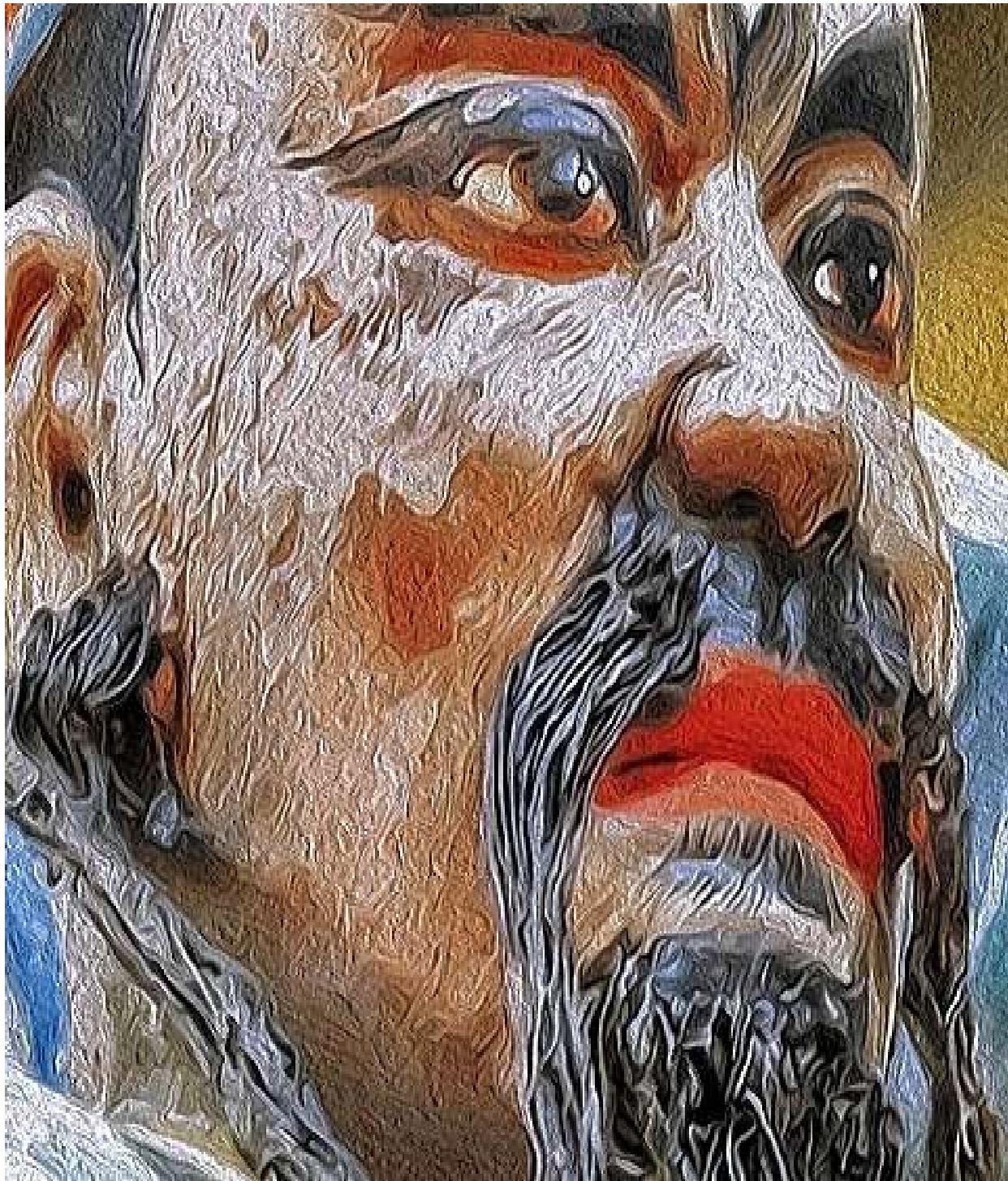
Flashing Back to Vegas...
Where'd ya go Hunter?
Hunter....Where are ya?



"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

An early Sunday Morning Selfie of yet
another Schiff Storm coming down...

"Where we gonna go...when the Schiff hits de fan???"



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